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The disobedient child,

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### The Tudor facsimile Texts

# The Disobedient Child Disobedient Child

1570?

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908



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# The Disobedient Child

By THOMAS INGELEND

Date of only Known Edition, 1570?

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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of JOHN S. FARMER

# The **Disobedient Child**

By THOMAS INGELEND

Issued for Subscribers by

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A. 227272





# The Disobedient Child

#### By THOMAS INGELEND

Copies of this play, one of the rarest and best of the pre-Shakespearean dramas, and of which apparently there was only one edition, are in the British Museum (C. 34, c. 35) and in the Bodleian Libraries. Another copy turned up in "the Irish find" of 1906, and when brought to auction-sale was bought by Mr. Quaritch, who now catalogues it at £284!

The British Museum authorities give the date as "[1570]," but there are reasons for thinking 1560, or thereabouts, nearer the mark.

Of the author nothing is known beyond the fact that, as stated on the title-page, he was when the play was printed "late Student in Cambridge."

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, reports that "the thinness of the paper of the original, and consequent showing through of the ink from the other side, makes many of the pages look blurred and difficult to read; and this defect is necessarily to some

slight extent intensified in the photographs. I do not see how this could have been avoided; and in all other respects the reproduction is excellent."

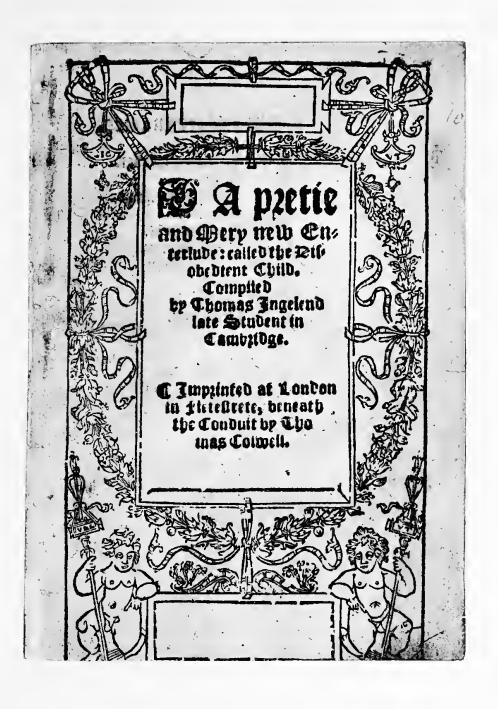
Specific criticism is as follows:-

- (1) B. i. verso, line 20, the ou of thou is clearly printed in the original. A stain on the paper is somewhat over-exaggerated in the reproduction.
- (2) D. iv. verso, lines 5-12 are printed too heavily, and some letters are smudged which in original are clear.
- (3) E. iv. line 15, the second m of comaundement has no flaw in the original.

JOHN S. FARMER.







### E The players names,

T The Prologue fpeaker. The Rycheman.

T The Bychemans lonne The Mancooke.

The Womancooke.

The young woman. The Servingman.

The Prieu.

The Deupli. A The Perorator.





### AThe Prologue.

The Prologue Speaker. Dwe fozalmuche as in thefe latter dapes, Throughout the whole world in every lande Mice Doth encreale, and Mertue Decapes Iniquitte haupnge the opper bande. Me therfoze intende, good gentle Audience, a prette thort Interlude, to playe at this prefent Defpapage pour leaue and quiet fcilence To hewe the fame, as is mete and expedient. The lame wherof matter and argument, In two or thre berfes, briefely to Declare, Spince that it is for an bonell intent, I worll famewhat bellowe in care. In the Citie of London, there was a ryche man Who loupage bis fonne molte tenderige, Moned bym eatnessly now and than, That he woulde grue his mynde to Audre. Saringe that by knowledge, fepence, and learnynge Is at the last gotten a pleasaunt ipfe: But throughe the want, and lacke of this thruge Is purchased povertie, sozowe, and arpse. Dis Sonnenotwithftandpage, this gentle monicion As one that was cleane Denoyde of grace, Dyd turne to a mocke, and open detplion Mofte wickedly with an buffamefall face. In fo muche that contrarge to his fathers well Unto a ponge woman be bed confente, Mberby of infe he might have his fpll, and marged the fame incontynente. Pot longe after that, the childe began Cofeele bis writes great frowardenes, **3**.11.

**Het** 

### The Difebevient Chitos.

Ind called hymisite buhappys man,
Oppielled with papers and beaupres.
Who before that time, dyd lyne blelledip,
Whild he was buder his fathers wruge
But nowe berage weddyd, mournynge and mylerye
Opd hym torwent without endruge,
But nowe it is tyme for me to be gogage,
Ind hence to departe for a certifue space,
for I do heare the Ryche man compage
With the wanton boye into this place.

Reliebe

Pere the Prologue speaker goethout, and in cometh the Krche man and his sonne.

### A The Sonne.

What then a were best to take in hand, whereby this thorte lyfe so spende I mape that all greefe and trouble, I meght withstande.

The father.
Twhat is the meaninge (my childe) I the playe this queltion to demaunde of mer for that things to do. I am glad always which thoulde not be grenous to the.

The Sonne.
The Sonne of the so

**The** 





The Wilobedient Childe.

The father.

I I fee nothinge truelp inp Sonne so mete and to prove so prospetable for the as but o the Schole to move thy fecte, with Audious Laddes, there for to be. I The Sonne.

Mbatthe Scholeenape father, nape, Go to the Schole is not the belt waye.

A Thefather.

Sape what thou lyfte, for I can not invent wage more comodyous in my Judgement.

Che Sonne.

Aft is well knowne howe that pe have loved
Aft heretologe at all tymes most tenderlys
But now (me thynke) pe have playnely shewed
Certapne tokens of hatred.
For if I should go to my Booke after your adupts
Whiche have spent my Chyldehood so pleasauntive,
I mape then seeme drynen out of Paradyse
To take papee and woe, greefe and mystepe.
Bit thynges I had rather susapne and abyde
The buspness of the Schole onescall asyde,
Thersoze thoughe pe crye tril ye reve asunder
I wyll not meddle with such a matter.

The father.
Dhy can not I thee thus much perswader for that in my mynde is the best trade.

Che Sonne.
Twhan all is faide and all is done,
Concerninge all thringes both more and leffe
pet lyke to the Schole none buter the Sonne Bringeth to children to much beaugueste.

a.iii.

The Disobedient Childen and The Control of the Cont

The father.
The father.
The father.
The fathough it be paparall, what thought it be greues, for to be all thenges at the typic learnings, pet incruations pleature it brengeth but o be as a rewarde for turbe papares takings.
Therefore come of and be of good cheare and go to the Books without any feare for a man without knowledge (as I have read).
Therefore well be compared to one that is dead.

The Sonne.

(Ao more of the Schole, no more of the Booke
That wofall worke is not for my purpole
for byon thole Bookes I maye not looke,
If so I ded, my laboure I thould lote.

The father.

That the Schole matters to the are counted werpnelle

Even as to a great man, wealthy and rpche Service and bandage is a harde thynge So to a Baye both dayntie and noce Learnynge and findpe is greatly displeasinge. The father.

T What my Chylos, displeasings I prape thee Chat maketh a man tyue so happyly.

The Sonne.
The house the factories of the sound of the so

That the Scole of thee is fo ill belpokene.

**Empai** 





The Disobedient Childe.

Ambat tryall therof woulde pe lapne knower pothynge more easpe then this to hower at other boyes handes, I have it learned, and that of those truelye most of all other which sor a certen tyme have remarked In the house and prylan of a Scholemarker of the father.

The Sonne.
This not true father which you do lave,
The contrarve therof is proned alwaye.
To eas the Brute goeth by many a one,
Their tender bodyes both nyght and daye
Bre whypped and from ged, and beate lyke a flone
That from toppe to toe, the layn is awaye.

The father.

(I Is there not (lave they) for them in this cale,

Gruen other whyle for pardone some place.

(I The Sonne.

Aone truely none, but that alag, alag
Disease amonge them do growe apase.
for out of their backe and lyde doth floe,
Diverve goose bloode merueplous abundance,
and pet for all that is not infeced to goe,
Tyll death be almost seene in their countinaunce.
Shoulde I be content then their to runne,
Where the bloude from my breeche thus houlde spuane,
so longe as my writes thall be more owne,
The Scholehouse sorme shall be more owne,

The Disbusient Childe. 🐣

Che father.

Is not he wed to children of bonell condicion.

The monte.

Ditrouth with thele Mailters is no defference for aly he towardes all is their wrathe and bielence.

The father.

As of fo great fierfenes and crueites
and of pange Intantes to lose a topmenter
Chatthe breath thombe be about to leave the bodye.

The Soune.

Chather this thrage I coulde not have beleued

But of late dayes I dod beholde

anyonest wannes some bereby but ped

Which throughe many stripes was dead and colde.

O The father.
O persuentuse the Childe of fome difease did laboute which was the cause of his Sepultuse.

The Sonne.

Dith no bisale lucely, was he disquicted, as but o me it was then reported.

( Tithat with no lach thrage he were infected most was the cause that he departed.

Che Sonne.

Copen lape, that of this man, his bloudy maplics
revolves a Lyon most comonly fromned,
Bernge hanged by by the heeles togyther.
Individually and buttocks greuoullys whipped.

Int





The Dilobedient Childente Con La Contact

Ind laft of all (whiche to fpeake fremblet) That his head to the wall be had often crusched. C The father, in Thank and

Thus to thenke Sonne, thou art begupled berelpe, And I woulde wolfte the to lappole the contrasp. and not for fuche tales ap counfell to forfake Mbich only bo couet thee learned to make.

The Sonne. TI Demothenes and Tully were prefent truely They coulde not payat it within my bead depelp. a The father.

Twet by thy fathers will and intercellion, .... Thou halt be content that thinge to pardon. The Sonne.

Commaunde what petpft, that onely excepted, And I will by redy puot inpude to fulfpil, But where as I chulde to the Schole haue reforted Day hande to the Balmer fubinpttynge apil. I wpil not obey pe therin to be playne, Thoughe with a thoulande Grokes I be flapne.

M The father. T Wois me up Sonne, wois me, This beaup and dolefull dage to fee.

d'The Sonne.

MI graunt in Debe, Jam pour Sonne, But you my father hall not be, If that pe would calt ine into that piplon, Where tozne in pelces pe myght me fee.

The father. Twhere I inpubt fee the toine and rente. D Lozd I coulde not fuche a Dede invent.

C The Sonne.

The Disobevient Childe.

Ethe Sonor.
Chape by the Malle, I holde pe, a grote
Thole cruell typauntes cut not my throte:
Better it were my feife byd lepe,
Then they with the Rodde my fleshe moulde flepe.
Well I woulde we byd this talks ompt,

for it is lothelome to me enery whyt.

The father.
That trade then (I praye the) wall I deuple
Theref the lyninge at length maps arples
Wilte thou follows Warfare, and a Souldiour be pointed,
and to amongs Troyang and Romaynes be nombred,

The Sonne.

(See pe not mayliers up fathers adupte have pe the like at any time harder.

To will me therto, he is not wyle.

If my peares and strength he dyd regarde, pe speake work and work, what some ye laye.

This maner of life is not a good waye.

for no hynde of office can me please,

Which is subjects to wounder and strokes alwaies.

The father.
Thombhat to do, it is mete and conneviet,
Mylte that hen grue the deligent endenouse
To let the pouth unbonefile be spent
Indo as pooze knaues, which Jares do scource
for Jo not see that any good Arte
Orels any bonest Science, or occupation
Thou welte be content to have a parte
After the fathers mende and exportacion.

The Sonne.

Da, ha, ha, a laboure in berge deede, God lend hem that lefe which flandes in neede.

There





There be many fathers that chyldren have And pet not make the work of them a flaue, Might not you of pour feife be well a fained Which wolde have pour some thyther condragned. O The father.

A a woulde not have the Dryven to that fuccoure, pet for bycaule the Scriptures Declare, That he flouide not eate, which woll not laboure Some worke to do it muft be thy care.

A The Sonne.

A father, it is but a folge with you to firgue But pet notwith and page 3 bope to thepue

Cbe father.

That this thone intente mape take good successe I prage God hactely of bys goodnes.

MEbe Sonne.

Well, well, wall I infewe woodeg rebetfe, What thinge both wolf my Conscience perfer Webe father.

C Therwith I am Sonne very well contented.

f The Sonne.

Eyea but I thouse that pe woll not be pleased. Cote father.

TIn dede peradnenture it mape fo chaunce. Che Sonne.

Chare but I prave ve without any perchaunce, Shall not my request turne to pour areganner.

The father. Affit be full and lawfull, which thou doell require.

The Sonne. Coth full and lawfull have ve no teate.

The father.

1 3.ii.

**Mobile** 

Aowe therfore nike, what is the peticion-

A Loe this it is without further Dilacion, for lo much as all yongmen for this my Beautie, as the Moone, the flarres, I do facre excell. There is out of hande, with all spede possible, To have a wife (me thynke) wolde do well, for now I am yonge, speelp, and lustie, Ind welcome bespees to all mennes companye.

The father.

Cood Lord, good Lord, what do I herer

Is this your begynnynge to performe my delyre.

The father.

Thas my chylde, what meaneth thy dotynger why doest thou coust thy owne budopage r

(The Sonne.
(I hnowenot in the woilde howe to do the thynge That to his formacke, maye be delpattynge.

The father.

The Sonne.

( Adingt the hall as a butthen with me remagne, set well I take one, if your good well I attayne.

The father. Sonneit wall not be thus by my counfell.

(The Sonne.
(The father wyle compell.
(The father.

Thou were as wose, as I have sudged the Thou woldest in this case be ruled by me.

T The





The Sonne. ...

C Tofolowe the contrarge I can not be turned My parte theron is fighly fired.

The father.

Chat I lage, about thine owne discuttion e

A po, no, but about mone owne faluation:
for if I be helped, I fwere by the Palle,
It is oncly Parpagethat bronges it to palle.
It is not the Schole, it is not the Booke,
It is not Science or Occupation,
It is not to be a Barbour or Cooke
Wherein is now let up confolation.
And space it is thus, be father content
for to marve a worfe, I am full bent.

T The father. Well if thou wolt not inp Sonne be ruled But nedes wellfolowe thene owne foolyfhenes, Take hede hereafter if thou be troubled At ine thou neper feeke tedzelle. for I am certern thou can't not abrde Any payne at all atrefe, or beracion, Thy Chylobood with me so easely dyd arde full of all pattyme and delectacyon. And if thou woldest followe the Booke and learnings, And with the felfe alfo, take a wefe ware: Theu thou mayfiget a gentlemans lyuphae And with many other beare a great Iwave. Belpdes this & wolde in time to come After my power, and fmall babylytie, Delpe the and further the, as up wploome, Shulde me most counsell fortby Commodytie. Ind Bill.

Ind such a worse Iwoulde prepare so, the Is woulde be vertuous, wile and honest, Ind grue the worth her after my degree, Wherey thou mightest alwayes four in rest.

The Sonne.

E 3 cannot, 3 tell ye agayne, so much of my lyfe Consume at my Booke without a wyfe.

The father.
Therefue therfoze, I have done to well
and hewed over much favoure to the,
That now agayns me thou does revell
and foz then owne furtheraunce welt not agree.
Wherfoze of my goodes thou gettest not a peny
how anye succoure els at my handes
foz such a childe is most unworthy
To have any parte of his fathers landes.

The Sonne.
To not esterne father your goodes or landes
Drany parte of all pour treasure,
For A sudge it proughe to be out of bandes
And from this days forward to take my pleasure.
of The Kather.

Moll, if it hall channes the thy folge to repent as thou art like within wort space,
Thynke none but thy felfe worthy to be thent,
Lettynge my coincell to take no place.

The Sonne.
Tag touchynge that matter, I wyll no man blame
how farewell father, most hartely for the laine.

Che Sather. Charewell ing Sonne, departe in Goddes name. Chie Sonne.

**A**Boms





Cisome I fape tome, let me be gone Mp father if he lift, hall tarpe alone.

There the Sonne goeth out and the Myche man taryeth behinde alone.

Che father.

Dwe at the last I do my selfe conspoer Howe great gricfe it is and heupnes, Coevery wan, that is a father, To fuffe bis chride to folowe wantonnes. If I upabtique a bundzed peares longer and houlde have fonneg and daughters many pet for this Bopes lake, I will not luffer. One of thein all at home with me to tarpe. They houlde not be kent thus bnder my wynge And have all that which they delvie, for why it is but they, onely budornae Ind after the Brouerbe, we put ople to the frze. Wherfore we Barentes mut bave a regarde. Dur Chyldren in time for to lubdue Dreis we wall have them ever butowarde. pea, sprtefull, difdapafull, nought, and bateve. and let be them thanke simare to the Schole Wherey at their Bookes they mave be kent buder: Ind to we thall thortely their courage roote, And bipage them to boneftie, bertue and Aurfure. But also now a Dares (the moze is the prive) Science and leazupage is fo iptell regarded. That none of by all doth mule or fludpe To fee our chyldzen well faught and infructed. We decke them we trom them with accaious arape We painte and fede them, and kepe them lo gape That in the ende of all this, they be out foes.

Me balle them. kolle them, we looke rounde about We merualle and wonder to fee them fo leage We ever anone doe invent and feke out, " ... " To make them goe trichlie, gallaunt, and cleane. which is nothping els, but the very provokyn ae To all butbriftpnes, bice, and Infauttie. It puffeth them bo, it is an allurynge Their fathers and mothers at lengthe to defpe. Which thing in owne Sonne doth playnely declare Whom I alwayes interly bour loued, De was to my Love, be was to my care That now of the fame I am Despiled. and now he is hence from me departed, De bath no delpalit with me to dwell. De is not merve, but pll be be macred. De bath of anauerpe tooke fuch a smell. But pet sepnae that he is my Sonne. De doth me conftrapne optterly to weepe. 3 am not (me thynke) well, tyll 3 be gone for this place I can no lenger beepe:

There the kyche man goeth out and the two Cookes cometh in from the one and then the other.

The Pancooke.

The hat Blaunche Blabbe it out, a come a wape for we have prought to do all this whole daye, why Blaunche blabbe it out, wilt thou not come and knowell what bulynes there is to be done.

If thou maps be fet with the pot at the nole Thou carest not how other matters goes,

Come a wape I bed the, and tare no longer

To trust to the helpe, I am much the better.





A The Hapdecooke.
Twhat a Mureyn I fay, what a nople does thou makes
I thynke that thou be not well in the writes
I never hards man on this forte to take
With suche augry wordes, and hastie systes.
Thancooke.

Mby dost thou remembre, what is to be bought for the great Brydale against to morowe. The market must be in energy place lought for all kynde of meates, God guye the lorow.

Apaptecooke.
The bat banging what curlynger Longtong is with ther made as muche spede, as I could possible,
I was thou mighted have targed for me
Until in all pointes I had ben redge,
I have so thee looked full of the retessore,
and yet so all that sayde never the more.

Apancooke.

(Wellforthis ones, Jam with thee content So that hereafter thou make more half, Dreis I tell thee, thou wilte it repent, Coloyter so longe, till the Market be pass. For there must be bought Brefe, Ueale, and Autton, Ind that even such as is good and sat With Pigge, Geele, Conves and Capon, Howe sayest thou Blaunchblabbe it out buto that.

CApardecoke.
CIcan not tell Lontonge, what I houlde lape
Of such good cheare I am so glad:
That if I woulde not eate all that days
Oby bealy to fyll, I were berre made.
CApacooke.

C.i.

E There

There mult be also felaunte and Swanne There mult be Heronsewe, Partiche and Quayle, Ind therfore I must do, what I can, That of none of all these the Gentelman saple. I dare sape he lookes for many thinges mor, To be prepared against to morne, wherfore I sape, hence let bu goe, My seete do stande byon a thorne.

That of must be also felaunte and Swanne.

Therefore I sape, hence let but goe, My seete do stande byon a thorne.

A spe good Longtonge, I praye the ones agayne To here pet of my mynde a worde or twayne.

Come of then: dispatche, and speake it quicklye for what thronge it is, thou causes me tary.

Amapherooke.

Confidence is this Gentelman, beto motowe is married where both his father and his mother dwelle about fourty uples be both transpled as petter nyght his Sernaunte by deli.

Dancooke.

The berpe dede, he comines a great wape, with mp Marker he maye not longeabyde, It hath cold him lo muche on cold parape, That Money out of his purse apale doth flyde. They sape that his frendes be ruche and wealthy And in the Cytic of London have their dwellynge, But yet of them all he hath no peny, To spende and bellowe here at his weddynge. And sit the true that his Sernaunte dyd sape the hath viteriplost his fryndes good wyll Bycanse he wolde not their counsaple abaye.

And in his owne Countrey tarve syll.





The Disoberient Childeradalic of I

As for this woman, which hee wall marpe It Spainet Albanes alwayes, both front her lyfe I thynke the ve a Orew. I tell thee playnely, and full of bebate, malyce and stryfe.

Thoughe Inever lawe this woman before Whiche hither with him this Gentelman before per nevertheles I have tokens in store.

To sudge of a woman that is from ards and nought. The typ of per note, is as sharpe as myne Der tonge and her tune is very suppl.

I warraunt ber, the commes of an bugracius kyn,

Indiqueth to much her pleasure and wyll.

What thoughe she be now so neate and so note,

Ind speaketh as hentle as ener I hearde:

pet yougmen which be both wyttie and wyle,

Such toghes, and such mordes, shulde not regarde.

C Blaunchklabbe it out, thou layed berre true Ithinke thou beginned at length to preache This thronge to me is draunge and new, To heare luch a foole ronginen to teache.

(Mapdecooke.
(I I foole mine owne Longtong, why call thou me foole Thoughe nowe in the kytchen I walle the daye, pet in trines palte I went to Schoole, and of my laten Premer I tooke allage.

CMancooke.
CM arliers the woman ded take fuch allage, Ind then in these dayes so applied her booke, That one worde theres, the carried not awaye, But then of a Scholer was made a Looke.

96.7

The

I dare fare the knowerh not, howe her primer began, Which of her mapfter the learned than.

A Bayvecooke.

CI troweit began with Bomine labia aperies.

CBancooke.

( What dyd it begyn wich butterde peease A Daybecooke.

f I tell the agapne, with Domine labia aperies, If nowe to beare, it be thone eafe.

(1 Mancooke.

Chow, how, with my Madaine laye in the peease I thy nke thou art mad with Somine labia aperies.

T pea marp, I judged it went such warrs, It began with Douthe lave by the ures.

- Dapdecooke.

Mape then God night, I percepue by they geare, That none is so deale, as who well not heare, I spake as playnely, as I coulde denile, pet me buderstande, they canst in no wyle.

C Phy pet ones agayne, and I wyll better lyften and loose byon the, howe thy typpes do open.

(Well marke then, and barken ones for all: Dreis beare it agapue thou never wall,

App Booke I faper began with Bounine labia aper ies.

( Pancooke. The fre howe thouse ain I of vader and pager Was it all this tohyle. Domine labia apertese Belyke I have lost my leafe of hearynge,

with





With bioplynge and burnynge in the bytchen adres.

I promple the thou semest to have done lyteli better for that I wote in up lyfe I never sawe, One lyke to thy selfe, in so easye a matter. Unless he were dease, thus playe the Dawe.

C Pancooke.
C Come on, come on, we have almost forgotten Such plentie of victualies as we stude bye
It were aimes by my trothe, thou were well beaten Bycaule so longe thou hast made me tarre.

CApapeccooke.
Cultie tultie, we thail come in very good lealon, I so be thou goeft as fast as I,
Take up thy valuet and quickely have done
me wyll be both there by and by.

(ABancooke. (If for imposite well never leave runnenge Until that I coine to the Signe of the Whitenge.)

There the two Cookes runne out and in commeth the Pongman and the Pongwanan his Louer.

The pongwoman.

Pere is my sweetynge, whom I do seeke

promyled me to have mette me bere

Tyll I speake with him, I thinke it a weeke

for he is my Jore, he is my there. There is no dape there is no night, there is no dape But that my thoughtes be all of him I have no delyght if he be awape, Such topes in my heade do everlwym.

C.iff.

The Difobevient Chilbe.

But beholde at the last, where he doth come for whom my harte despred longe, Now that I know all an some, Dreis I woulde sove, I had great wronge

The pongman.
The pongman.
The daringe, my Conpe, mp Berde to breght of blee, weete hart I fave, all haplee to thee
Down do our Louis, be they fall a fleepe
Dathe olde lynelynes, do to they firll keepe

The pongewoman.
Do pe alke and my Loue be fall a fleeper of a woman mape offer her inpude,
Sp loue had almost made me to weepe
Because that even now I dyd not you spide
I thought it surely a whole hundred pere,
Tyll in this place I sawe you here.

The yongman.
Thacke, alacke, I am lorge for this,
I had such busines I myght not come
But ye mare percepue what my wrt is,
How small regards I have and willowne.

The rongivoman.

Theras ye also me concernyage my loue
well allure you, it doth dayly augment:
Dothyage can make me flurte or moue
you onely to lour is my ne intent.

The pongman.
And as for my love doth never relente,
Hor of you I do dreame, of you I do thy nker
To dynner and supper, I never went,
But of Beere and Wyne to you I dyd drinke.

Pop





Row of such then her therfore to make an ende Which pytefull lovers do cenelly tornent, To Parpage in Goddes name, let be discende As buto this houre we have bene bente.

The pongwoman. Pour wyll to accomply the I am as redyr, as any woman, beleue me truelye.

De pongman.

This Rynge then I grue you as a token fure, Wherby our low thall alwayes endure.

The pongwoman.

Emith a pure pretence your pledge I take gladly
for a Signe of our love layer and fydelytie.

The pongman.

A dowe I am lake nowe I am glad,

A awe I do lyne, nowe I do raigne:

We shought tril now I was to lad,

Wherfore ladnes five hence agapne.

I wave with those words which my father brought out

I wave with his laigenes and erhortacion

De coulde not make me his foole or his lowte,

Ind put me bespes this desectacion.

Dyd he indge that I woulds go to the Schoole,

Ind might my tyme spende after this sorter

I am not his Calfe, nor yet his foole,

This Micgin I by see, is my comforte.

The you gnoman.

Twell than I prape you let us be marred for me thypase from it we have longe targed.
The pongman.

Agreed my Sweetpnge,it Gaibe then done, Synce that thy good wyll I have goten and wone.

The pongwoman.
There wolds this days be bery good sheats
That every one his bealy maps full.
Ind the of foure Pintrelles wolds be here
That none in the haule lyt idle of full.

The yougman.
Take pe no thought for abundance of meate
That hondoe be spent at our Broale,
for there halbe ynought for all men to eate
Ind Minkrelles bespoes there shall not saple.
The Cookes I dare sape, a good whyle a gone
With such kynde of desche as I dyd them tell
Irestouthe market both come home
Or els my owne Conge they do not well.
I knewe before that I come to this place
We should be marked togyther thys daye
Which caused me then sorthwith in this case
To sende sor bictualles or I came awaye.

The pongwoman.
Wher fore then (I prape pe) hall we go to our Inne,
And looke that every things be made redye,
Dreis all is not worth a Braile ppnne,
Such hafts required in matrimonye.

The ponginan.
If thinke live a clockeit is, not much palled
But pet to the priest we woll make hast
That according to custome we mape be both coupled
And with a stronge knot for ever bounds fast,
wet ere I departe, some longs I will lynge,
To the intent to declace my Joye without leave
And in the weans tyme you mape my sweipings,
Rest your selfe in this lytell chappe.





## NThe Donge.

Doth feete to foice in fantalee,

Jampiofelt for loffe or gayne,

To be there owne affuredlee:

Mherforelet my father spyte and spurne, App fantasye woll never turne.

Calthough impfather of bulge wette, woth babble figli, a care not tho, have no feare, not pet well flette, as doth the water to and fro,

Mierfore let my father spyte and spurue, App fantaly wyll neuer turne.

(I for am set and wyll not swerie, Moom spytefull speache remoueth nought and spreethat I the grace descrie,

I count it is not dereip bought,

Mberfoze let dip father fopte and fourne, Mofantalie woll neuer turne.

Modes afrapde. let von hom five, for I hall well abode the brunte: Mangre to hos loppes that lotteth to lye Of bulve brannes as is the wonte.

Wherfoje let ingfather fogte and fpurne,

App fantalpe wyll neuer turne.
Twho lysteth therat to laughe or loure
Jain not be that ought doth retche
There is no payne that hath the power,
Out of my brest your love to fetche,

Mberfoze let inp father fopte and fpurne, Agfantalpe woll neuer turne.

The Disobevient Chitos. 1000 1000 1000 Tho wheras he moved me to the schoole, and onely to folome my Booke and learnengage: De coulds neper make meluch a fonle, diffe to with all his lofte process, and farre beath ngeli Moheefore lef up father ippte and invoca This Mynion bereithis myneing Cralletter tie Doth pleafe me more athenfandefolde: phone set Then all the earthe that is fofuliged, of our genoutie ?? Mi precious ftones, Splustand Bolde. Mherfoze let ing father fopte and fourne, .... App fantaspe woll neuer tuene. C What locuse 3 dydait wan fur ber lab It was for het lout, and onely picafuce. I counte it no laboure, fuch laboure to take in the In gettpuge to me lo ppgbe a treature of this on he Wherloze let in father impoand fourne Mp fantalie wyll neuer turne q 1530 von 21312 ... T This days, I water head for the head that the little Althoughe the barde father befarre bencen in the I knowe no cause for to be imperious in the construction of the for all this cofe and great ground sould it a limb i so Whetfore let un father spyte and spurae, ABp fantalpe topli never fuene, the asset to saint it. E Dow lyke pe this longe, wpowne wete Bole, Is it well made for any porpoler it is said or inground 4 The poogwoman, the extraction to the contraction of TI neuer harde inall implote a better, - in non circ Moze pleasaunte, inoze meete for the matterner winder Dow let be go then the mompinge is nee gone Me can not any looger bere remaine: faremeil





The Disobedient Chitoele dell' ST

... There they go out, and in commeth the Prick alone.

y pres, by my frout be it is a worlde to fee, The ercedynae negliaence of every one, Quen from the breft to the lowell deatce, 115.1 Both goodnes and confcience is cleane gone, bearing There is a ponce gentelman in this towner ... pet thoughe Amoulds belowed Crowners is the same That knave the Clarke can not be faped. 11 10 20 . 11 for be is fafe if that in the Alebaule, a grand tunas ? De mape lyt typipig of Authiobine dias commission. 'What off he commes footh as Dronke as Moule, With a note of his ownering acceptionales ..... And this is not once, but enery days, the days it Bimost of inptalty, throughe out the whole peace, That he thele trickes both ple to playe, ..... Mithout all hame, Dreade and feare. De knoweh bim felfe that peder nyabte. The lapde ponge gentelinan came tome, Indthen. delyzed, that he upabte This piotornice petpues marged be. But now Toodstell wolling hoe asone, Crethat this bulpnes be quite inded: Unit fle the undipffe foote come berp foone, That this faire thinge mane be dispatched, and theredge fonce that this monghtp packe, :. hath at this present method from De 1877

mi in

he is like hence for warde my good well to lacke Dreisbniople I mrabt be ludged. I am taught bereafter, bowe fuch a one to fruit. In any matter concernynge the Churche, for if I wide, I percepue that Timple. Di mpne owne bonsftie loofe verpe much. and pet les all this from weeke to weeke. for his appende and wages he never cryeth. And for the fame contynually both fecke. Is from tyme to tome playaely appeareth. But whyther his wages be party deserned. Unto you all I do me reporte, Since that big duetie be buth not fulfplied. Por to the Churche worll frant reforte. That many a tome and oft, For fapne To playe the Prist Clarke and all Thoughothuste vont is areat barne. Ind inpremarde but bery length Wherfore (God wellyinge) Two fluch order take, Before that I be municates elort, That he halbe aldtilis townert forfage And learne euermoze lo plenfe his verter and in such worse all they that be bled, Which in this parpline entende to be Clarkes, Great prile it were, the Courte pouloe be difordered By cause that such Swylbowles do not their warkes. and to lave truetly in thank a place, Ind other great tolones belydethis faine, The Prieftegand Bariffioners be in the loke cale. Mbichtothe Churchwardens mave be albanie. Dow huide the Priek bis viele falfotti accordingly as in dege be out bie the Brand and and the titles in Mben





When that the Clarke well have a lelfe well and alwayes in Service tyme must be lought. Autwithstandinge at this present there is no remedy But to take tyme, as it doth fall, whereore I well go hence and make me ready for it belpeth not to chase or brall.

There the Price goeth out, and in commethe the rech man.

E Ehe Byche man. Ommonge this daye footh of my Chambre, Cuen as for water to walle Lord call. ... By chaunce Telpped a certapne Graunger, .... Standenge beneath within ing Balle !! Who in beep deede came from the Inholder ... Moheras for a true inp Soune dpd ipe, .... Ind faple that his mapter had fent me a letter. and bade hom to bronge it with all fpede polleble. Moberin be did write that as this daye Chat butbrifte mp Sonne to a certein Marde. Shoulde then be wedded, without further Delape, and bath bosowed mose than well be pape. and frace that be barde, be was my Sonne. By a Gentelman or two, this other daper to De thought that it houlde be bery well done, To let me baue knowledge therof by the ware. and wolled meifthat I woulde any thonge Df bpin to be Done of me in this matter: That then he his Berusunt fuch worde Apile brynge As at his communge be might Do bereafter. I bace bom thanke his Mapiter most hartelye and fent hom, by bom a peece of Menison: for D.III.

For that he bonchelaued to wapte to gentely, Couchynge the marring and hate of my Sonne, But not with flandyngs flent byin no Boney, To pape such Dettes us mp Sonne dyd owe, Because he bad me forsaken btterip, .... And mee for his good father wolde not knowe, and lapde that with hom I woulde not make, From that daye forwarde, durpnge inplife But aghe had beewed, that so be quide bake, Space of tyd owne choofpige, be gat him a wife. Thus when his Secuaunte from me Departed Into inp Chamble I went agaphe i de la in And there a great whyle I bitterly weeped, and the This newes to wie was fourest paper and thus with these wordes began to mone, addition Lamentynge aud utout riprige inp leste all a lone. D madneg, D dotpnac of thole vange folke Dingades with sur witte aduple, and difcretion. With whom their parintes can beare no Grobe and a con-In their first Matrimoniall confunction : 500 1 00 Thep knowe not what implespe griefe and bnquiefned. Moll becenfter enfue of their extreme fooly wears. Df all fuch laboures, they be cleane ignozant, Mbich in the nourylapinge and kenyinge of Chylozen To their great charges, it is convenient . ...... Cither of them benceloorth to fuffanne: 13 11 11 11 Concernyngeierpences bestowed in a howsen it im your. Thep percepte as lettell as doth the Mowile. On the one lobe, the wole will brail and fcolde, n: Dirthe other fide the Infant well cree in the Cradell: Unone when the Chylde wareth formwhat older . . . & 2 -For meate and drynke, he begrnnes to babbell. 1:13 111 🖺 Betebpon





Derebpon commethic, that at marketes and farzes Bulbande is forced to bre many water. pet for all this bath my fooly (the Sonne As wyle a Wodcoeke, without any toytte, Delpplange his fathers inpude and oppnion. Marped a topfe for tipm most unfotte, Suppolyinge that myeth to be everiallyinge, Which then at the forthe was greatly pleasunge. How they two wyll lyite, I can not tell, Wherto they mave trid they bane nothringe My mynde apusti me that they wyll come dwell, At length by their father for wante of lyumige, But my Sonne doubties, for any thyinge that I knowe Shall reape in fact waters he oed lowe, True he Wall spinds, that Ploponacies dyd wapte Mhosapde with a write are two dayes of pleasure The first is the love of the Warpage dape and nyght The feconde to be at the topfes Sepulture: 300 this by experience be Hall prove true, That of his Bypdale ateat emplies do enfue. Ind (as I luppole, )it woll proue in his lafe, Moben be thall topfine that to blin it mape channes. Which buto Eupolis and allo his wife, The npatt they were wedded, fell for a bengeaunce Who with the beap cupne of the Bedde mere flapne, as the Boet Duid in thefe two Werles makes playne. Si tibi confugii nor prima, nouillima bite.

Eupolis, hor perint, i noun nupta modo.

Outoing wiptinge againnt one Ivis his ensure

That the fixit night of his Marpage dyd wylche

The last of his lyte unght be certenly.

Tot 10 (quod he) dyd Eupolis and hys wife peresses.

Because there was me Pature Doth bynde:
Because there was me Pature doth bynde:
Thoughe he hath offended, a better ende,
Then Eupolis and his wyle ded fende.
And nowe I wall longs over anous,
Epil some of those quarters come epopings byther,
Unto the which my Some is gone,
Eo knowe how they do lyne togyther.
But I am salringe, and it is alwost noone
And more than tyme that I had dyned;
Myersore scom bence I wylige loons,
I thinke by this tyme, my meate is burned.

There the Eyche man goeth out, and in cometh the going man his sonne with the yong woman, beinge both maryer,

My lweste wrie, eny prette Conve.

Comp Dufoande, as plealaunte as Donnye.

The Pulvande:

On Lorde wath pleasures and great commodytie,

Bre beaped togyther in Patrimonyee

Down webement, howe fixonge a thonge lone ise Bowe many impraes, and building hyllese

The Hulvande, Twhat implyage, what laughyage What ipcite, pallyme, and playengee

The Wole.
Twhat ticklynge: what toyinge,
What dalpenge, what iopengee

Tube





M Che Bulbande.

The man with the wrie is wholly delyghted and with many causes to laughter enforced.

Che Wyfe.

Twhan they two dignae, they dignae togyther They never eate, but one woth another.

(The Bulbande.

Chamtymes to their Garden footh they walke and into the fyeldes somtymes they go, with mery trickes, and gestures they talke as they do move their feete to and fro.

The Wofe.

Somtymes they ryde into the Countrey

Allynge the tyme worth wirth and sporte.

Ind when with their frondes, they have ben merger

Dome to their owne boule they do resorte.

The Bulbande.

Countymes abrode they go, to fee playes, and other trym fyghtes, for to beholde: When often they meete in the hye wayes Muche of their aquaintaunce they anews of olde.

The Wyfe.

Sometymesto the Churche, they do repayse
To here the Sermon that halbe made:
Thoughe it to remembre, they have small care,
for whyether be now, but sewe of that trade.

The Hulbande.

Somtomes at home, at cardes they playe

somtomes at this game fomtomes at that

They nede not with fadnes to palle the daye

Aoz pet to lyt fipil, or fande in one plat.

The Wefe.

And as for his wyfes, oceasions do mone, Sointymes with one Gollyppes to make good cheare Dreis we byd not, as byd his behone, Not cettayne dates and weekes in the yeare.

The Hulvande.

I thynke that a man might spende a whole days

Declarynge the Jopes and endles blys:

Which marped persones recepue always,

If they some sauthfullye, as meete it is.

(The Wofe.

( Wynes can not choose, but lone earnestipe
If that their Husbandes do all thynges well
De eles my sweete harte, we hall espee,
That in quietnes they can not dwell.

Che Hulbande.
CIther do not, it mare be a chame
for I love you hartele I pon allute:
Orels I were trucky greatly to blame
we are lo longinge, lo kynde, and demute.

The Myle.

A The Hulvande.

Tho then merre Parpage can discomende

Ind woll not with Irisotle in his Ethickes agrees.

But woll sape, that westere is the ende

When otherwise I spade it to be:

I polytique man woll marps a wyse

Is the Physosopher makes declaration.

Pot onely to have thyldren by his lyfe,

But also so iyunge, helpe, a suftentation.

The





A The Pefe.

Twho well not with Herocles playnely confess, That Mankende to Societie is wholly adioparinge and in this Societie nevertheless:

Df worthy Wedlocke tooke the begynnynge.

Without the which, no Cytis can sande

Bor Southolde be perfecte in any lande.

The Bulbande.

Tide that of the control of the cont

( The Wyle.

( pen what can be more accordinge to kynde

then a man to a woman bym leife to bynder

C The Pulbande. C Aware with those therfore that Pariage despris Bud of baungers therofinuent wany lyes.

The Wyfe.

This what is be that commeth ponder,

Do pe not thinke it is our man
Somewhat there is that he hasteth hyther,

for he makes almuche speed as he can.

There the Servaunte of the Aychol mannes Sonne cometh in, with an errande to his Payter.

Scruaunte.
CHapiter there is a Straunger at home
he wolve bery fayne with you talke:
C.ii.

The Disobedient Chave.

for butpli that to hom you do come forth of the doores he woll not walke.

The Hulbande.
Tome on then my wyfe, if it be lo,
Let by departe hence for a lealon:
for Jam not well tyll J do knowe
Of that manney commynge the very reason.

There they both go out, and their Seruaunt both tary behind alone.

Cheruaunte. A Let them go bothe, and do what they wyll Ind with communication fpll their bealp: for I by Sainct George worll tary here fipil, In all my lpfe I was never fo weepe. I have this dape folled fo many Dottes With all maner wone, Bie, and Beere: That I wpined their bealpes full of Bottes Longe of whom was made fuche cheare. What byndes of meate, both fleffe and frie Haue I pooze knaue to the table carpede from tyme to tyme dylhe after dylhe. Mp legges from gopnge neuer ceafed. Mbat runnynge had I for Apples and Anttes-What callyng for Bisettes, Cumfettes and Latoweiese A bengeaunce fapde I, ipght on their auttes That makes we to turne fo many waves. Mbat cryinge was there for Cardes and Dicer What corlinge, what ruffinge made thep withine I counted them all not greatly worle. for my bead dyd almolt ake with dyn. mbat





Mohaf bablyng, what langlynge was in the hanger What quatteng, what bebbeng with many a Coppee That fome lape alonge as dronke as a Moufe Dat able fo much as their heades to bolde bp. What dannipage, what leapping, what fumpping about from benebe to benebe, and Goole to Gooler That I wondered their brapnes byd not fall out 10 ben they fo out ractoully play de the foole. What judleng was there boon the boordes! Mhat thruftpag of knyaes throughs many a note What bearinge of formes, what holdinge of Swordes, and puttyinge of Bothpus throughe legge and holes pet for all that they called for dryncke, And lapde that they coulde not playe for Dape That many at me byd nobbe and topnke Bpcaule I houlde bypnge it by and bp, haw so ener they sported the pot dyd figli waike If that were awape, then all was loft: for ever anone the Jugge was their talke, They nafte not who bate fuch charge and coffe. Therfore let hoin looke his Burle be toabt good. That it may discharge all that is spente, Dreisit well make bys bacce growe through his book There was fuche bauorke made at this pufent. But Tain afearde inp maillet be anarpe That I bod above thus longe behonde: pet for his anare I palle not greatly, Dis wordes they be but onely wonde. Dom that I have refted fo longe in this place Homewarde agapne. I wpli bpe me apale. ABere the Servaunte goeth out.

There the Servaunte goeth out, and in cometh tyra the Wyfe, and hortely after the Pulbande.

M The Mpfe.

Dere is mp hulbande, was he not here?
I meruaple much whyther he is gone
Than I percepue I am much the nere,
But lae, where he commeth hyther alone.
Mot pe what hulband, from daye to daye,
With dayntye dylches, our bodyes have bene fylled:
Mhat ineate to motowe nerte thall we allaye?
The hulbands.

Do pe nowe proupde and grue a regarde for Uictualles bereafter to be preparder The Wrie.

Thut that I knowe hulbande, it letth be in hande
Of thenges to come to have a confederation
I would not ones well you to buderstande
I boute such busines we careful provision:
It is neveral therfore to worke we make has
That to get both our lyupages we may knowe the cast.
The hulbande.

To trouble me nome, and make me bered, This milichtcoors meane hall thou invented.

The Wyle.

Two but trouble for theer what kynds of veracious have I to disquiet theer caused at this presents. By onely mynds is, thou make expedycion To seke for our prospectastis convenient.

Wherfore to thee I saye ones agapne,
By cause to take paynes thou art so lothe,
By Christit were best, with might and mayne,
To fall to some works, I sweare agreat othe.

Epst.





Opet for a tyme, if it mape thee pleafe Let me be quit, and take myne eafe.

The Myfe.

Milt thon have be then throughe hungre be darued:

T woulds not we hulde for hungre be kylled.

Then I fage then, this geare go about, And looke that thou laboure diligently:
Drels thou walt worth prove without doubt,
Thy fluggyldnes well not please me greatly.

Epe Pulbande. "

Esgennen thou even now to be paynefull a grenous and to thy Pulbande, a woman fo troublouse

The Wyle.
Twhat wordes have we here, thou milbegotten, Is there not alredy ynoughe to the woken.

(The Bulbande. (TD myith, D Jope, D patiyme and pleature, ) How lyttell a space, do you endurer

The Wyfe. The my commundement can take no place, Thou halt abye therfore, I weate by the Palle.

There the Wyle mult Erykeher Bulbande bandelondye aboute the Shoulders with some theng.

The Halbande.

Alaggood wyfe, good wyfe, alag, alag, Stryke not fo harde. I praye thee hartelyr, What former thou wylte have brought to palle. It halbe done with all fpede pollyblye.

The Difebevient Chilbe.

The Worfe.

There there faggottes man boon the houlder and carpe thes wood from fireste to firete:
To fell the same, that we both together,
Our lyunge may get, as is must mete.
Dence Ridiot hence, without more delare
What meanest thou thus, to stagger and stager
The Onsbande.

AD Lorde what howe inplerable men be those Whiche to their wries as wretches be wedded and bave them contynually their mortall foes Securnae them thus, as Slaves that be houd. Robe by experience true 3 do fynde, Whiche oftentymes buto me becetofore Mp father dod fape, declatonge bis monde Chat in Matrymonie was payne euermoze, Mhat hall I do most pityfull Creature? Jufte coule I bave slas to lament: Chat feantiche woman ing death well procute If so be this daye without gayne be spent for bnielle for my wood fom Money be taken Apae a dogge, with a Cudgell I walbe beaten. Ho thou good felowe which frandelt fo npe Dfthefe beaup bundelles eafe mp foze backc: And somewhat therfore gone ine by and by Di els I dpe, for Spluer I do lacke. Bowe that I baue fome Bonpe recepued for this my burden bome I wyll go: And left that mp wpfe be discontented, What I baue tate. I well ber howe. mpfe I ain come, I went alonge wape and here is the profete, and garnes of this days.

T The





A The Morfe.

Twhy thou Lowte, thou foole, thou horlon folte, Is this thy wood money, thou penishe olte. Thou walt smart for this genre, I make God a bowe Thou knowest no wore to sell wood, then both the some. The Husbande.

TBP Goddes precious I well not bamplely luftee To do as I have done, any longer.

The Pofe.

Mhy doest thou rese against me Uillayne. Take bede I scrache not out the spes twayne.

The Bulbande.

Scratche and thon date, for I have a kopfe, perchaunce I well too the of the lefe.

The Wyfe.

(Slage me with thy knyfe, thou thytten Ballarder

Doell thou thinketo fynde me suche a Dissatder

By Core bones I wyll make thy skyn to tattell,

and the braynes in thy Scall more depely to sattell.

Abere the wyfe mult laye on lode bypon ber Hulbands.

The Hulbande. The Good wrie be content, forgeue mp this faulte

Tood wrie be content, toggeve my this taute will never agains do that which is naught.

The Befe.

To to fooly the Caife, go to, and bytyle, and put by thy anyfe, I the adulle.

The Bulbande.

(I) The Wyfe.

Dence awaye then, and full this with water.

f.i.

C The

A The Pulbande.

O mercefall God, in what lamentable flate
Is be, of whom the wyfe is the mayller.
Wolde God I had bene predefinate,
On my Barrage days, to have dyed wyth a fewer.
O wretched creature, what maye I do.
App grieuous wyfe hall I returne butor
Lo wyfe beholde without further delaye
The water ye fent for, here I do biynge.

O The Wyfe.

Mbat I fagerwhat meaneth this weeppnger what apleth the to make all this cryinger of The Dulbande.

Tweepe not forfothe, nor trye not as yet.

Tho, nor thou wilte nor, if thou hade any wet, It is not the weepenge that can ought nuarle, and therfore this matter no longer bewayle. Come of I fare, and tunne to the Kruer and walce their clothes in the water.

A The Husbande.

I mpfe 3 wylithyther bye me falle.

The Wyfe.

Tee Bolvande.

To howe buhapppe and eks bufoztunate Is the mode parte of marped mennes condprione I woulde to death I had bene agate When my Pother in bearpnge me made lamentacion. What hall I doewhyther hall I turne, Post carefull man nowe buder the Sapee In the stampage lyze, I had rather burne,

Then





Then with extreme papme, frue to beaurize, There is no flipite, to my wrie I mult go Moom that I dyd wed, I am full wo. Where are pe wyfe, your clothes are washte cleans Us whyte as a lylly without spot or stepne.

The Wyfe.
Thou thefe, thou captyfe, why is not this place, was all the rest.
Thou shalt for this genre now smoke apale by ars I sweare, thou butylike Beaste.

Were thee muß knocke her Bulbante.

(Tlas, alas, Jam aimolt quyte dead, App wyte so pytyfully hath broken my head.

There ber Hulbande must lye alongs on the grounde as thoughe bee were loze beaten and wounded.

A Well I percepue, the tyme wyll aware and into the Countrepto go I have promyled Looke therfore thou go not from hence to daye. Tyll home agains I am returned.

Take hede I fave, this Howle thee retaine, and figure not for any things out of my docre: Untill that I come by the agains, I sthou wylte be rewarded therfore.

Mere his Tayle goeth out, and the Hulbande targeth behinde alone.

f.ii.

(I The

The Dulvande. The Apinge and frende go with my wyle Ind in her Journepill mape the freedes I prace God almight pto Chorten her lyfe The earth at no tome both beare fuche a weede. Althonabe that I be a Gentelman borne and come by my auncetours of a good blood, pet am I lyke to weare a Cote toine and the state of And bither and thither go carpe wood. But rather then I this lyfe woll aby de To mozowe moznynge I Dointende, Home to my father agapne to rpde, If fome man to me bis Hogle woll lende. she is to ber Gollypes gone to make merp, and there the wpilbe for three or fourz dares: She cares not thoughe I do nowe miscarpe And luffre fuch pappe and lozowe alleaves. She leaueth to me nepther Breade ne Dipnke But luch as I fuade, no bodge woldesate: I inpatt by the walles ipe dead and annae for any areat hollownes in my meate. She maiteth a brode, and taketh bet pleasure. Her felfe to therpfche is all her care: She palleth not in hat griefe I en bure, and in the land Di bowe I can loue with noughty fares 12 200 200 and fonce it is fo, without further delaps with a feel to all To my father to moto we I will swape.

Abere he goeth ont, and a significant to the office with relief bucometh the Deupli.





The Disobedient Coffee. Walling !!

Satan the Deupli. Bo,bo,bo, what a felowe am Ir Beue rowme I fape both inoze and kille: Mp firength and power bence to the Sape against Bo eacthly tonge can well exprelle. Dh what inventious, craftes and wiles, Is there contenned within this beade I knowe that he is within fewe miples Mbich of the fame is throughly fred. Dh, it was all my Audre daye and nyaht was a was the Conpugly to bypnge this matter to palle: In all the earth, there is no wighte But I can make to cree alag. This man and wpfe, that not longe agos fell in this place together by the eates: It was onely I that this steple byd fome Ind have bene aboute it certaque peares. for after that I had taken a smell: Of their good wyil and fernent lone, Mp thought I chulde not tarp in hell But buto debate them mortely move. Dhit was I that made hym to desprie Bil wildome, goodnes, bertue and learnynge That he afterwarde coulde in no wife had a service of the Dnes in his harte fancte tearbruge. Dhit was I, that made bym refule The bollome incuption of his Rather dece And caused hom abil of a work to muse As thoughe the thoulde be his tope and chere. Dh it was I, that made byin goe bence, and suppose that his father was berre bukpude, It was I, that ded Digue hem to fuch expence. Ind f.iii.

The Disbevient Childs

and made hom as bare, as an ave is behonde. And nowe that I have this bulnass ended and topied hymand his wife taggether: .... I throse that I have my part well played, Bone of you all wolde bott better. Posposbathis well favoured beade of input What thynge foeuer it bath in hande: Is never troubled with ale of Myne, Bepthet by Sea,not pet by lande. I tell you I am a meruopique bodge, As any is at this depending e: Me bead both deuble rebe thringe lo trymip. Chat ali men inspe wonder of the endringe, Di I have fuch ketches, such topes in this bead Such crafty deoples, and subtyll trapas: That whom lo ever of pou I du wed, we are lyke at my bandes to take finall gapne. There is no gentelman, anpaht, or Lorbe: There is no Duke, Carle, Cakpage: But if I lyft, I cen with one wezbe. Spoitly lende bato their lodgynge. Some 3 disquiet with Coneitouines. Some with weath, pepde and le cherpe, Ind fome Tootbrufte into fuche bifrelle That be feeleth onely papue and implerpe. Some Tallure to hauetheire belgaht Alwayes in Glotonpe, Caupe and martie: and those thruges to practice with all thepr might Either by lande, or els by water. Do, ho, ho, there is none to be compared, Come I tell pou, in any popute: With a great loste my leife I have treed.





## The Disoberient Chile.

That beldly bentured many a toput. And when for a longe trine we had wreffled And thewed our arenath on epther lyde, pet often tymes a fall they recepted. Mben throughe up Polycye their feete byd flyde. Mherfore(mp bere children) I warne pe all, Take bede, take bede of mp temptacion: for comenly at the latt pe have the fall Ind allo brought to Desperacion. Dittis a folge for many to ftryue And thynke of me to get the boort hande: for baleffe that God make them to throug Thep can vot agapuft me flicke or frande. and thoughe that God on her have his domenton .... And ruleth the wollde every where: pet by pontleaue, I baue a poscion. Df this fame earth that flandeth bere. The kyngdome of God is aboue in Beauen And wrne is I tell you beneth in Bell: But pet a greater place if be bad delt euen He thulde have appen me and wone to dwell. Forto aip Palace of every Aation Of what dearee or birth fo ever they be. Come cannyage in with fuch festination. That other whylesthey amaled me. Di all the dewes, and all the Curkes, pea and agrest parte of Christendome Inhen they have done my woll, and my worked In the ende they five hither all and fome. There is no infaute of the days There is no minute of the npable? And the state of the state of the state of the npable? But that in my Dalace there is alware Crowdrugs The Dilebedient Childs.

Crowdynge togither a meruaplous lighte. They come on thicker, then fwarmes of Bees, Ind make fuch a norfe and cryinge ont: That many a one lyeth on biginees, be With thousandes kept bnder, and closed about Aot fo much as my pationes, balles, and enery chamber ABP Borches, my galerves, and inv courte: Mpentres, mp bytchyn, and my Lacder, But with all maner people be fplied throughout. What thall I fave moze, I can not tell, -But of this (my chyldren) I amcertappe, ... There comes moze in one boure buto Bell, Then buto Deauen, in a moneth or twapne. and pet for all this, my pature is fuch That I am not pleased with this company, But out of my kyngdome I mut walke muche That one or other I mape take tardpe. Do, bo, bo, I am neuer ones afrapde With these my Clawes poutor to touche, for I woll not lenge tell pon be papde, Suche treasure, as is within my Bouche. The worlde is my Sonne and Taine bis father Ind alfo the Reffre, is a doughter of myoe It is I alone, that taught them to gather, Both Golde and Spluer that is fe frue. Mberfore I suppose that they some well And my Comaundementes gladly obage, That at the last then buto Bell, They mave come all the redy wave. But now (I knowe) (pnce I came hither Thereis fuch a multitude at my cate, Mack alamit, B. C. ac.

That





The Difobedient Childe:

That I must agayne repayee bowns thythes After myne olde maner and rate.

Were the Benyll goeth out, and is cometh the Kychmans Sonne alone,

Othe Sonne.

Owe glad am I, that my fourney is ended, which I was about this whole vaper.

Opphocle to france fixed I never liftied, where I would come to the ende of my wape, with the I am loope that I can not finde, who louping father at home at his place: That but o him I mape breake my invide, and let him knowe my invide,

Dere be contelleth his nenghtones betring the lame with a pirifuil boice.

There ben wolde, I have ben wanton,
I have ever folowed up fances and wolf:
I have ben to any father a rewarde Sonies
and from days to days contynued their.
I have alwayes proudly by Dayned their
Chat in my madnes gave me good countell
I counted them most my mortalifoes,
and sowtely against them dyd rebell.
The thynge that was good, I greatly bated
Is one which lacked both write and realm,
The thyng that was could I ever loved
Which now I lee is any consulpen.
I coulde not abyde of the Sochole to beare
Magners and teachers my hartenishing of,

The Disobevient Childs.

Be thought the Booke was not fpt geare. for my tendeer fragers to have bandled. I counted it a pleasure to be daintely fed and to be clothed in colly artispe: I would enother in the state of the bed. Untylit were betpe farre forth daye. and to be Coate, anone after this, Ther came fuch fanfles in my brayne: That to have a mpfe whom I might by Ce I rekened to bethe greatelt anine. But pet alas Twas gupte Decepued The thrage it felle both ealeip appeare: I woulde nias Phat ben burped. When to my father, E gave not care. That which I had, I have chane frent, and kept formach wat with the fame: That now I am faque, a Cote that is rent Blasto weart foi berpe Chame. I have not a croffe leftgin my purle, stage Co belpe up leitenoine in mp nede: destat That well sam worthpe of Goddes curle. Ind of my father to baur final mede.

Aperethe Ryche man much be as it were comynge in. But excepte mone epes do me beguple.
That man is my father, whom I do (ce: Und now that he comes, without crafte of wyle, To brin I walkbends on epither Bare.

3h father, father, imp father moft bere, Chefather.

Cah inque otone chylde, with the what cheree

Call luch laginges as in my monde,





The Disobedient Chiltogadolica :- 2 We the forth tome pe thibled to fiften the inferior de Most crue alas, Too them spides and a said a spidisc f Be thoughe thep were witten in the Gbille 5 8 3 2460 & Chefather, and onanisa utahille Topole wordes iny Monne, I hatte almon forabitti. Stande be therfore, and knerle no longer: And what it was I spake so often, At two or three worder, recyte to the father. Che Sonne. " 1817-19 W Withat ye be Wather well remembred " As the fame I velede pe can not foract: poulapde that lo loone as I were charped. Much pagne and trouble therby I boulde get. C The father. Chafte thou by proofe fonns, this thynge treede 红 The sonne. Apsa, alas to much I have exprepenced: Aby wofe. I dod web, all full of frenipe. My felre poore houlders, bath now to brouled. (1916) That loke to a Creple, A more me weakly. 6112 Bernge full often with the flaffe thwacked: She foareth no encre my flefthe and bone. Than If up bodye were made of Stone, Der woll, ber inpude, and her. Comaundement. from that daye byther, I have fulfpiled: 打场企 Muhich if I dyd not, I was botterly Ment. And with many drokes are woully punpfilled: That woulder od the hours when I was warred.

In the middle of the Church A might have lyaked.

I thynke ther is no man buder the Sonne

That here on the earth beareth lyle:

Which wolde do such drudgerze, as I have bone,

E.ii.

The Dilobedient Chibe.

At the bukende wordes of suche a west.

for howe I was bled, and in what west

adapt to destare well not suffice.

pt this be not true as I have spoken

Co mygood nerghbours I me reporte,

Oho other whyles when I was suptes

App west to be gentle, ded then exhortes

for glad I was to abode altiabours

Methor the less might bear dolours.

Wherefore good father I was humbles delive

Co have pitze of the and some compassions

Or els I am space to be salt in the more.

Dithout any succours or consolution:

For at this hours I have not a peny.

App selfs to be selected this great invicence.

(The father.

(A for lo muche as by unpaduple and counteil

In no maner well thou wolvell be ruled:

Cheriore to the I cap not do well.

But let the first sufferent thou halle described

for that thou hall suffered is set not honge

Co that trybulation which is behinds compage.

The Sonne.
This father, what hall I do:
Ado to the chall I do:
Ado to the chall I do:
What then so the chall I do:
What then so the chall I do:
Whet of an honest levenge wars arrie:
Where gentle: father in this disciple,
Somewhat alwage were beurces.

The father.

The father.

The father.

To now that thou yall taken a worte:

To now that the wind taken a worte:





The Difobedient Chilon.

With me thy father thou mark not dwell, But alwayes with her spends thy lyfe. Thou may k not agapne thy wyle forlake, Which durynge lyfe to the thou dydit take.

The Sonne.
That I am not able thus to endure
Thoughe therunto I were never to wellynge:
For my wyle is of such a crooked nature
Is no womanels, is this days lyupnge,
Ind if the verys trueth I chall confesse.
She is to me aweupli that is endlesse.

The father.

That thou thinken the felle alone.

Onely to leade this extelouse lete.

Thou waith leave what getele, lozowe and mone, socrates had with kentippa his wele.

Her Hulbande full lite the tawnted and checked and as the Buske logthe unbonefly mocked.

The Sonne.
The sonne.
The sonne.
The source of the source of the source of the sone of the source of

The father.

(I I can not my Sonne thy flate redress, whe thy father thou dyoft refuse:

Wherfore now being thy owns fooly thenes, and of thy wyle no longer mule.

The Disolent Thuspoon Colla

The Sonne.

(I A) whise went footh nito the Counter.

With certagne Gollppes to make good chere,

and had me at home field to be.

That at her returne, the might fende me there:

Indif that the do takenne from hours.

App bones also thee well make to crackell:

and me her Dulbande as a fracte mome.

With knocking and mockinge the well handell.

Ind therfore if I mape not here remaine,

pet loughge father, gene me pour rewarde,

that I may with speede ride bane againe,

That to my suples wordes, have some regarde.

(The father.

And done as the father counsaged the:
So wretched a tree had never chaunced
Wheref at this present then complaynest to me.
But yet come on, to my house were well be goinge
and ther thoughalt see, what I will grue:
Bytell to beloe the nedre thou does lyne,
And that once done, thou must bence agayne
for I amnot be, that well the retagne.

There the Ryche man and his Somns go out and in cometh the Peroxatour.

Sand the sand of the control of the sand the san

The Peroztoan.

15:11.

into his real regeneration in the





## The Olfobeolent Childe, .

Phis Interlude bere good gentle audience. Wobich prefently before you we have played: ... Was let footh with fuch care and diligence, As by be truely ingght well be theboed. Shorteit is I denge not, and full of brenitie But if pe marke theroftbe matter, Then choose pe can not, but see plapnely Dow pape and pleafure be knot toayther. By this lytell playe, the father is taught, After what maner big Chpibe to ble: Leaft that throughe cockerpage at length be be brought Dis fathers Comaundement to refule, ! Dere pe maye learne a wptile lefton, Belpines to correcte bis Sonne bepnae tenber: And not let hym be loft and budone. ..... with wantonnes of mischiefe the Mother. for as longe as the twrage is gentell and pirent (Cuerp man knoweth this by experience:) With finall force and drenath it mape be bent Dutipage thereo but lytell dylygence. But after that it wareth fomewhat bigger . . . Ind to call his braunches largely beappnetb. It is feant the moght of all the power, What one bomghe theref, eafely bendeth, This twoque to a childe mape well be applied Which in his childeboode, and age of Infancie: With finalicorrection mape be amended, Embracenge the Schole with barte and bodie. Who afterwards with over much lybertye, And rangeinge abrode with the Brodell of well. Delpplett The Difebevient Childe. 1987

Despeleth all bertue, learnynge and honelipe, and also bis fathers mynde to fullfyll. Wherby at the length it lo falleth out Chat this the yonge Stryplynge after that dayes Rannes into confusion without any doubte And lyke for evermore quyte to decape. Wherfore take bede all pe that be parentes. Bud folome a parte after mp connfell, Instructe your Choldren and make them fludentes That but all goodnes they do not revell it Remember what writeth Salomon the wple, Dut parcit Wirgae,ogith fillum. Therfoze for almuche as pe can beuple :-Space not the Bodde, but folewe wildome. further pe ponge men and Chyldren allo: Lyften to me and barken a wbyle, What in feme mordes for you I will howe, Without any flatterpe, fraude, oz guple. This Bichemans Sonne whome we dyd feefooth Bere enidently before your eves: Mas(asit channeed)nothinge worth. Gruen to all noughtpnes, byce, and ipes. The cause wheref was this for a trusth His trine fullidleip he dyd fpende, Bud woulde not fludge in his pouth, .... Mohich might have brought him to a good ende. Dis fathers romaundement he wolde not obape, But wantonip folowed bis fantalpe: for notipage that he coulde do or fave, Woulde bipnige this Chylde to boneftie. Bud at the laft (as here ve mpant fee:) Wpon s inste be fired bis inpude, Thrukpuge





## The Disbestent Childe.

Thombonge the fame to be felicifie, mhen in Debe mylerpe came bebonde. for by this wyfe be carefully lyned. mbo bnder bis father did want nothinge: And in luche lotte was bereby tormented. That ever a none, be went lamentynge. Dis father dod woll bim logbtnes to leave. And anely to apue bim felfe bato fludper But vet buto bertue be would dot cleave. Mbich is comodious for foule and bodre. pou hearde that by Sentences auncient and olde He ftpreed bis Sonne as be best thought: But he as an buthapfe flowte and boide. Dis bolfome counfell dyd fet at nought. and ipnce that be despred bis father God bato bem ded fodepale then fende: Such pouertie with a wple, and griefe toaptbet That maine and forome was his ende. 180 herfore to conclude, T warne you all By your loupage parentes, alwayes be ruled: Diels be well affuced of fuche & falle As unto this pongman worthelp channed. Mormpo God Daply, whiche is the chiefe thonge and his boly lames do not offende: Looke that pe teneip feene the apnge, Ind all your faultes be glad to amende. Mozeoner, be true of hande and fonge, And learne to do all thynges that be boneft, for no tyme fo fytte, as when pe be ponge, Breanfe that age onelpis the aptell. I have no more, to fpeake at this feafon, for verye good wyll thefe thonges I byd fape: B.L.

Bycaul

The Dilabevient Childe.

Braule I do fee that bettur is grafon, with most men and chylogen, at this Daye.

There the rest of the Blavers come in and kneele come ell togyther, eche of them sayinge one of these Merses.

Ind last of all to make an ende,

Dood to the we much humblye praye:
That to Ausene Cityabeth thou do lende
Thy lyuely pathe, and perfecte ware,
Graunte her in health to raygne.
With be many yeares most prospercustye:
Ind after this lyfe for to attapue,

The eternali biplle, Jope, and felpeptie.

Dur Belthoppes, patioures, and Adentiters allo The true buderitandenge of the worde, Both neght and days, nowe mercefully flows, That their less and preachenge maye godly accorde,

The Lordes of the Counfell, and the Bobplytte, Soft beauenly father, we thee defpre:

With grace, wildcine, and godly polycie, Their hartes and myndes, alwayes inspyre.

Ind that we the people duelye confederinge The power of our Queene and great auctoratic, Mape pleafe thee and ferue her without farninge, Lyupage in peace, rest, and tranquilytie.

Cod faue the Queene.

CI Songe.





## WA Songe.

The prosper to the two posts and transfer to the prosper to the transfer to th

Then the wetched world with his subtpletie:
Discoverfull in Gistes, men onelie to entree,
Destrute of all sure ccedence and free price.

Copus credpt moze to men of true Judgementes Chen to the worldly renowne and topes: Replenyimed with dreams and bayne intentes, Boundyings in wicked and noughtestopes.

Mbereis now Salomon, in wildome lo ercellente Where is now Samplon, in battell lo ftrongee Where is now Ablolon in Beautie resplendente Where is now good Jonathus byd so longee

Owhere is now Celar in victore treumphyngee where is now Dines, in dilbes to dayntiee where is now Tully in Cloquence excedengee where is now Aristotle, learned to depelye

al What Emperours, byings, and Dukes in times palle What Carles and Loides, and Captopnes of watree What Popes and Bylhoppes, all at the laft, In the twynchings of an eye are fled folarree

Thome worte a kealte is this worldly ioyenger Guen as a madowe it palleth awaye, Depryupage a man of Gyftes enerlallynge. Leadynge to darkedes and not to daye.

C D

The Disobedient Childe.

Co mente of wormes, D heape of butte, D lyke to dewe clyme not to bye: To lyue to morowe, thou canti not trutte, Therfore now betyme helpe the nedye

The deschelp Beautic, wherat thou does wonde, In holy Serinture is lukened to Bare:

In boly Scripture is lykened to Baye: Ind as a Leafe in a Counge weather, So is mannes lyfe blowen cleane a waye,

Calle nothunge three that maye be lou, The worlde doth grue and take agayne: But let the impude on the loly Shofte, Delpple the worlde that is so barne.

Cfinis.

3 - John



Euangelist.











